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AUTOMOBILE TRIP.

A Strenuous Journey to the Grand Canyon.

THE MACHINE STARTED WELL

Winfield Hogaboom Graphically Describes the Joys and Mishaps of the Party—Cowboy Hospitality—Abandon the Auto.

The following graphic description of the automobile trip of Messrs. Lippincott, Chapman, Hogagoom and Doyle to the Grand Canyon is taken from the Los Angeles Herald of last Sunday. Winfield Hogaboom describes the journey in his own inimitable manner. We regret that space forbids our reproducing the article in full:

We started at 2:10 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, January 4. The people of Flagstaff were out en masse to see us off, and it was amusing to listen to the conjectures they made in regard to our trip. They gave us anywhere from six days to six years in which to make the journey.

The machine worked splendidly—until we were out of sight of the assembled populace. We were thankful for that. But before we had covered the first ten miles it got to acting up, and our chauffeur—whatever the deuce that means—said that the trailer was bearing down too hard on the "hind" axle. So we got off, unloaded the outfit from the trailer and fixed in such a manner that it couldn't bear down too hard. And when we got through with that job and got the baggage and ourselves aboard again darkness had fallen upon us.

Ahead of us loomed the great Coconino forest. I cannot describe it. There is no underbrush, no small trees, just the giant pines sticking straight up to the sky out of the ground. And the ground is smooth and hard and carpeted with pine needles. It was dark in the forest, for the tops of these trees are big and dense and only here and there the light from above trickles through. But we could not stop for darkness. We sped on and on. Fantastic forms appeared around us—forms of bears and tigers and elephants and alligators and the prehistoric animals that thrive in the Smithsonian Institution and the Sunday papers; terrible monsters that we feared might bite us.

But we went by so fast that they only stared at us and disappeared, and Chauffeur Lippincott said that if we didn't run against any of those fallen trees or charred stumps we would get through all right. We hoped so, but it was hard to believe.

It was a cold night—cold for us thin-blooded Californians, at least—and we suffered some.

After about two hours of this thing Doyle, the guide, suggested a halt. Ahead of us, he said, there was a particularly bad stretch of country, and it would be better to go over it in daylight. This was a disappointment to all of us, for we had promised the people of Flagstaff that we would make the whole journey to the Grand canyon that night, and what is more we had really expected to do so. And to prove to them that we really expected to, we had made no provision for a stop at night, and had no eatables along. All that we had in the way of the necessities of life was plenty of tobacco and matches.

But it is one thing to say that you are going to run an automobile through a wild, uninhabited country at night, when the moon is off duty, and another thing to do it. Afer a short consultation we decided to stop.

Right here our first streak of good luck came to us. Doyle reckoned that Muderbach's cabin was somewhere in the vicinity. We came to where a side trail led away from ours, up the side of a mountain, and he reckoned that trail led right to the cabin. We had to leave the automobile, however, for it wasn't made to climb mountains like that one, and to scramble on foot up the winding trail. It seemed a long way, but after a while we saw something that made us glad—a light apparently shining right out of the big, dark mountain. Doyle reckoned there must be somebody staying at the cabin. And so there was—three cowboys. We found cowboys and cowboy hospitality. They had recently killed a two-year-old steer, and they had flour, baking powder, coffee, honey and ice. What more could a person reasonably ask for—juicy steaks, honey, biscuits and coffee; a supper fit for a hungry automobilist.

We bunked with the cowboys on the floor of the cabin, and were up long before daylight and had breakfast. We were back where we had left the automobile just as the first gray dawn was breaking. The automobile was frozen stiff. A long time was required to thaw it out, and a valuable portion of our supply of fuel was used. But we thought little that, for were we not going to be at Berry's place at the rim by 2 o'clock of that day at the very latest.

Alas! for our reckoning, and, alas! for us. Alas! several times for us. We got to Berry's two days later, and not a particle of food did we have to eat, nor a drop of water to drink until we got there. And quite a little story goes with that. I hesitate to tell it. It is like opening an old sore. My tongue seems to swell and my throat to crack when I think of it now. Other people have gone many days without food or water, but I never realized how they suffered until I was forced to go two days without those things myself.

When we finally did get started that morning from the trail below the cabin we moved off splendidly. The cowboys were there to see the start—Davis and Pitts and the Mexican, all mounted on fiery broncos that snorted and wheeled every time the cylinders puffed out a little steam. But the cowboys sat in the saddles like they were part of the broncos.

For ten miles or more we scooted through the forest like sliding down the chutes. It was a glorious morning and a glorious ride. Twice we came close to bands of antelope, beautiful, graceful creatures, whose curiosity to know what made the automobile go kept them from running away until we were nearly upon them. Once we saw a number of wild horses way up on the side of a hill. They were looking for snow to eat, for they were many miles from water.

We had just descended a small hill where the trail was rough with stones, and the driver had given her more steam as we struck the level and good going again, when something popped, and instantly we were enveloped in a cloud of steam. Our water gauge had burst, and the valves had failed to work. We lost all our steam, and, I am afraid, our hope of heaven, right there. And that was only the beginning of our troubles that day.

We had now used all the gasoline brought from Los Angeles, which had been contained in the two feed tanks under the seat, and were obliged to refill the tanks with oil purchased in Flagstaff, and alleged to be gasoline. When we started again it was plain to be seen that this fuel was not going to give the amount of heat required to keep up sufficient steam. Besides, it produced a dense volume of smoke, that poured out of the ventilators and enveloped us, making us look like Indians. We crawled along for several hours, making about three miles an hour. Then we decided to abandon the trailer, with its load of baggage, water and alleged gasoline, and attempt to make the canyon some time during the night. So everything not absolutely necessary was left right there, and all four of us piled onto the machine in a heap, and she started. She started well, and kept up a good rate of speed for a mile or more. Then, all at once, we heard a sharp, metallic click, and in another instant a harsh, rasping sound, and we knew that our sprocket chain had parted. An automobile always gets discouraged and quits when its sprocket chain parts.

Three hours later the chain was mended. It was now nearly 12 o'clock at night. We were out on the open plain. The night was bitter cold, and the wind blew right up under our coat-tails. Doyle reckoned there was a bunch of cedars about four miles ahead where we could find shelter. We could see a dark fringe away off in the dim horizon. The kerosene oil in our side lamps was exhausted, and they shed a pale, sickly light only a few feet ahead. But after two hours more, with two of us walking ahead to discover the way, we pulled into the bunch of cedars which Doyle had reckoned was there. Here we built two huge campfires, and after a hearty supper of vain regrets and some delicious thoughts of home we laid down to sleep. At least that was what we intended to do. What we did was to shiver for half an hour or so and then get up and pile more wood on the fire, and smoke.

At daylight we were up and ready for breakfast. For breakfast we each had a look at the automobile and a smoke. Not one of us said anything about being hungry or even thirsty. There was a little dirty ice in the bottom of the tank and we melted some of it, but it didn't taste good so soon after breakfast, so we took another smoke and let it go at that.

The inspection of the automobile revealed the fact that there was just a little gasoline left in the tanks and a little water in the boiler. Doyle reckoned it was about eighteen miles to Pete Berry's.

We started the fire under the boilers and finally got up a little steam. Chaffeur Lippincott worried the auto along for about two miles and the rest of us walked. Finally, at the end of two miles we were obliged to abandon the machine.

We were again in a great pine forest. We had no trail to follow, but depended on Doyle. He reckoned he could get us there. We had discarded every bit of clothing that weighed anything worth considering, and were plodding along, saying very little. Eighteen miles isn't such a long walk. But we were hungry and thirsty and weak from lack of sleep and other things.

At noon we sighted Skinner's cabin. It is an old log cabin, with a legend attached to it that a man by the name of Skinner built it, years ago. Skinner must have been crazy. There isn't any more call for a cabin there than there is for a department store. On the cabin was a sign which set forth that it was 6 3-8 miles to the Grand Canyon. The man who put up that sign ought to be killed with a dull hatchet. Two members of the party, Chaffeur Lippincott and Journalist Chapman, were petered out. They could go no further. Doyle and myself agreed to make the remaining distance to Berry's and send out a relief expedition. Earlier in the day Lippincott had stated positively that he would give $5 for a drink of water. By degrees he had raised the amount until it now stood at $500. Chapman had offered $50 for a ham sandwich, with no takers, and Doyle reckoned he'd be willing to give more than that for a good steak, if he had it.

Doyle's stomach wasn't acting right. It probably thought his throat had been cut, or something of the sort. The two of us had covered scarcely half a mile when he collapsed utterly, and gave up the struggle.

Now it was after 1 o'clock and I was hungry; also thirsty; also tired—oh, so tired! I lay down on a little pile of nice soft lumps of lava to rest for just a minute, and fell asleep. I dreamed of home; of the dinner table. There was a big fat turkey before me, with dressing and cranberry sauce. It was terribly realistic. I was just going to feed myself a very generous piece of the white meat when Doyle woke me.

I left him there by the lava rocks, wrestling with his stomach, and went on alone. The way was still through the great forest. The silence was oppressive. I could hear the murmur of distant voices now and then and the rippling of a brook far away. Of course there were not any voices or any brook. There wasn't anything but trees and the blue sky.

Once I heard a bear coming behind me. I hated to be bothered with bears at that time, but I resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible, and decided to wait until he was real close to me and then take my jack-knife in my hand, thrust it quickly into the bear's mouth and cut his throat on the inside. Luckily for me, however, it turned out not to be a bear at all; simply a pine cone dropping from a tree.

After I had gone about eight miles I happened to think of that sign on Skinner's cabin, "six and three-eighths miles to the Grand Canyon." What the deuce did the man want to be exact for? If he was going to lie about it why didn't he lie in round numbers, at least? If he had said "Six miles to the